Numb. 5.

The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Candlemas-day, to the Wednesday following, 1698.

St. Margarets-Hill, Southwark, Feb. 3.

THis day the Wife of a well known *Seaſoner*, who took equal delight in *Feaſting* her own Carcaſs and *Starving* her Servants, ſent her Prentice to the Bake-Houſe with two Puddings, one of curious *Almonds* for her own ſweet Tooth; the other of courſer *Flower* for Servile Grinders, the Maid, who envy'd her Miſtreſs's delicacy, ſaid to the *Boy*, *I Wiſh I had a Taſt of that Pudding*; *Faith*, quoth the Boy, who was an arch Wagg, *I'll contrive you a Luſty Luncheon*; accordingly when Stuff-gut hour was come, he went to the *Lumber-Pudding Bakers*, fetch'd away the different *Belly-Timber*; by the way, ſlyly Stepping into a corner, pull'd the Tiles from the Almond Structure. After which he returned home Whimpering and Sniveling like a wench before a Juſtice for *Cock-catching*: Being demanded what all'd him, he could make no other reply than *indeed Miſtreſs I could not help it*; *indeed Miſtreſs I could not help it*, ſhe weary'd with his irkſome Repititions haſtily demanded what was the matter? To which, with abundance of ſeeming concern, he reply'd, *for ſooth Madam, as I came by the Farrier's Shop, he unhappyly threw a Bowl full of Liquor they had been bathing a gall'd Horſe back with upon your Pudding*: *However, forſooth*, quoth he, *I pair'd it as clean of as I could*, The Inrag'd Miſtreſs forthwith call'd to the Maid, ſtrickly commanding her to give the Boy no Victuals, till he had Eat up all the *Pudding*: By which cunning Shift they frankly feaſted with their Miſtreſſes Dainties. Nay, to compleat the *Banquet*, that day it fortunately happen'd, the Miſtreſs ſent the ſame Boy for a quart of Sack, which he (as ſoon as orders received for the Meſſage) promiſed to his kind fellow Servant, to effect which, nothing would Serve him at the *Tavern*, but a Pot without a Cover, which was Eaſily granted him, by reaſon he affirm'd it to be the largeſt; coming home, he took one ſwigg at it, and then came whining to his Pinch-gut Dame, as aforeſaid, who ask'd him the occaſion of his whimpering, *alas*, ſaid he, *coming along a huge filthy* Spider *dropt into my Pot, which I unhappily Burſt by endeavouring to take her out with my Fingers*; *However I think I have pritty well clear'd the Wine of all her naſty Relicts*. Without any more words, ſhe ſtrickly injoyn'd the Maid to ſee the Boy drink the Wine up, which accordingly was done, both making themſelves very merry with it; but the Boy Continu'd the Jeſt yet further; for he pretended himſelf very ſick, kept his Bed, & what not. His Miſtreſs ſent for a *Phyſitian*, and very much laid to heart her Paſſionate Command, deſiring all care imaginable to be taken of the unhappy Boy; fearing, perhaps, to be call'd in Queſtion for her too rigorous proceedings.

Stocks-Market, Feb. 4. A Gentleman being ſuddenly taken with a violent motion in his Body, was haſtily going to the public *Squerting-Office* to eaſe Nature, but groping in his Pockets for a *Fundament-Wiper*, could find nothing proper for that purpoſe, when at the ſame inſtant, a Woman came bawling by, *The Flying Poſt*, *The Poſt-Man* and *The Poſt-Boy*, he call'd her to him, and ask'd for one of her *NewsPapers*: *Which Sir*, ſaid ſhe? *Either of them*, reply'd the Gentleman, *will ſerve my turn*; upon which ſhe deliver'd the *Poſt-Boy*, he ask'd the Price of it; ſhe anſwered *a Penny*; the Gentleman tears it in the middle, and return'd her one half again, with *a Half Penny*, ſaying, *this part will do my Buſineſs well enough*: The Woman, perceiving her ſelf trick'd, gave him as many Curſes as a *Fiſh-Woman* beſtows upon a *Car-Man* that overſets her Basket; and ſo left him.

Moorfields, Feb. 9. There is an Eminent *Aſtrologer* of theſe parts that has lookt under the tail of every Conſtellation, and has an intimate familiarity with the Signs and Planets, as *Mall Cut-Purſe* has been ſaid to have with the *Pick-Pockets* of her time. This fellow having got an excellent knack at Match-Making, by a correſpondence he kept with *Bauds*, *Midwifes*, *Nurſes*, &c. And being able to ſatisfie a longing Virgin to a minute when ſhe ſhould be rid of that troubleſome companion call'd a *Maiden-Head*, had given a buxom wench, not long ſince, great aſſurances that by ſuch a time, ſhe ſhould certainly be gratified in what ſhe deſir'd. Home ſhe went with a jolly Heart, and refreſh'd her ſelf every Night with a comfortable apprehenſion of the approaching felicity; but finding the date of her hopes ſo near expired, without ſo much as the encouragement of being asked

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the queſtion, ſhe makes new addreſſes to her Star-Gazer, who erecting his *Jacobs*-Staff, and finding *Scorpio* in the Aſcendant with *Venus*, preſently conjured her into the Circle of his Arms, and reſolved to be the fulfiller of his own Prophecy. But his Wife either jealous of his kindneſs to another, or ſtanding in need of it her ſelf, came and ſurprized him in the attempt, allay'd the Divil, and ſpoiled the charm, perſwading the young Woman not to be any more deluded by his protences to *Aſtrology*, ſince with all his prognoſticks he could provide no better for his own ſecurity.

From *Utopia* of a late date they Write, That Ladies in thoſe parts think *Brisk* and *Airy* not to be altogether ſo Noble a Character as *Modeſt* and *Vertuous*: That a Man may be very much a Gentleman tho' he never had a *Clap* in his Life, and maintain the reputation of a *Wit* without having his Tongue *Garnitur'd* with *Oaths*, or his Diſcourſe ſmell rank either of *Obſcenity* or *Profaneſs*; but how far theſe ſentiments may obtain in other parts of the World, is yet altogether uncertain.

Fleet-ſtreet, Feb. 8. Laſt Night a City Grocer, walking through this Place, accidentally (by the help of the Night Vagrants Lanthorn) ſpy'd a *Glittering Lady* deſcending from her Chariot, at a famous *Bacchanalian Seſſions Houſe Door*; now being a little Elevated with the effects of plentiful Drinking (which made him more airy and free than ordinary) he accoſted her with a mouthful of the beſt Complements he had collected from the moſt refined Edition of the neweſt Accademy, deſiring her to accept of a Glaſs of *Canary*, &c. Which ſhe, with a little Importunity, condeſcended to: So unto the Tavern they went, when after *two* or *Three Glaſſes*, and as many *Kiſſes* had paſs'd between 'em, he began to make his *Amours* more cloſely, taking up the *Coverſluts* of *Iniquity*. In fine, after a little *diverſion* on the *Tavern Chairs*, ſhe began to dive into his *Fob*, ſometimes plucking from thence a handful of *Yellow Boys*, and then his *Golden Lyar*, as often Carefully returning the ſame, withall telling him, *She was a perſon of Quality, and that what ſhe did was only for the Gratification of her Youthful fancy; as for any thing of filth Lucre ſhe ſcorn'd, and was much above it.* With ſuch Sophiſtry ſo powerfully inchanting him, that without any Suſpicion ſhe uncas'd his Gilded *Time-teller*, kept the *Kernel*, and reſtor'd him the *Empty Shell*. At parting, ſhe deſir'd him to ſee that he had his Watch, he clapp'd his Hand on his Thigh, and courteouſly reply'd, *he had*, and ſoo took leave. But *ſweet Meat* muſt have *Sour Sauce*, The *diſgruntl'd Wife* at home, gave him a ſevere *Curtain Lecture*, telling him, he had ſurely been aſleep or worſe, *for now* (quoth ſhe) *it is nigh three a clock.* He thinking to pacifie her *Anger*, by convincing her it was not ſo *Late*, Motion'd to pluck forth his *Seldom tell Truth*, when to his great amazement he perceiv'd the Subtle Jilts fraud, tho' for that time durſt make no other Reply than, *Lord how ſtrangly time will away.*

Kingſton February, 5.

A Sort of Bumpkins lately did complain
Unto a Captain, that they did ſuſtain
Great loſs by Soulders; with ruſull faces,
They pray him to compaſſionate their Caſes:
Good Sir, quoth they, we pray redreſs our wrong,
For they that did it unto you belong;
Of all that e're we had we are bereft,
Excepting our poor ſhirts, there's nothing left.
The Captain anſwers, fellows pray you here,
My Souldiers rob'd you not t'will plain appear;
For they that did it left your ſhirts you ſay,
And I am ſure mine carry all away:
By which I know an errour you are in,
Mine would have you left nothing but your skin.

Barnet February, 7.

TWo Country men who all the day had ſpent
In drinking hard, as home at night they went,
Under a ſign-poſt, as they chanc'd to paſs,
The one of them who throughly drunken was;
His leg (now lighter than his head) up high
Doth lift, the other asks the reaſon why?
He pointing up, tells him he doth intend
Over the ſtile to go; Fool, quoth his friend,
It is a ſign, a Sign! quoth he, of what?
A ſign, ſaith he, thou art a drunken Sot.

Such Gentlemen and Ladies as have any Comical *Intrigues* and *Noveltie*s, that they are willing to entertain the Publick with, are deſir'd to ſend the ſame to *Lucian*'s *Office*, at the *Blewcoat Coffee-Houſe* in *Sweethings Alley*, near the *Royal Exchange*, where the ſame will be Receiv'd, and carefully Incerted.

THis is to certifie, That ſuch Letters that we have receiv'd, of *Comical Intrigues* and *Notable Adventures*, which came to late to be incerted in this, ſhall be carefully Publiſhed in the next.

For the future this Paper will be Publiſhed every *Monday*.

Divertiſements.

A *Hue and Cry after the* Horſe-*Doctor*, *if any perſon can give notice what part of the World he hath taken upon him to depopulate for this Winter ſeaſon, let him give timely notice at our office, that ſo all ſuch people as are ſick and weary of their lives may repair to him upon occaſion, and that all thoſe who have neither eſtates nor employment in this Town may go and take poſſeſſion of that country, after the deſtruction of the ſaid Inhabitants.*

A *Maid-ſervant to be hired, either weekly, monthly, or quartertly for reaſonable wages: one that is an incompairable Slut, and goes all the day ſlip-ſhod with her ſtockings out at heels; an excellent Houſewife that waſts more of every thing than ſhe ſpends. An egregious ſcold that will always have the laſt word; an everlaſting Goſſip that tells abroad whatſoever is done in the houſe; a lazy trapes that cares not how late ſhe ſits up, nor how long ſhe lies in the morning; And in ſhort one that is light-finger'd and a little whoriſh, knowing nothing, and yet pretending to every thing; enquire at the Boarding-School, and you may know further.*

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